The angler's secret

Charles Bradford

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THE ANGLER AND THE GUIDE

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CHARLES BRADFORD

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I

The Contented Angler

A homeward trudge through mist-wrapped night,
A heart and creel, in common, light;
Complete content—the day has brought it,
He fished for pleasure—and he caught it.

—*Country Life.*

"There is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure serenity of mind."
—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE angler does not seek the streams solely for the fishes he may capture, but rather in search of peace and quiet. The fishes are merely pleasant features of the favorite domain; "'t is not all of fishing to fish," but these truths may never appeal to the insincere fisher, the man who casts his line for the catch alone.

The great trouble with the average tyro fisherman is his expectation of filling his basket on every trip; but if the true

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a greedy fisher of the boy or man who has the true angler's heart in his breast.

The angler never counts his string, and is contented throughout the day, regardless of the capture, be it great or small. If he takes one fish, he is pleased; if two, delighted; if he has but a single strike, he is satisfied, and if he has but one mere nibble he is repaid for the trip. He judges the day, the locality, and the beauties of nature in general equally as important as the species he seeks. The fields, the skies, the waters, the trees, and the joyful living things that inhabit these —the birds, the flowers, the fishes—are more enchanting to him than the creelful of trout or bass.

"And are not all these things," asks Herbert, "a source of pleasure to the true woodsman? Is he not necessarily a lover not of sport only and of excitement—these are the ruder and less genial attributes of his profession—but a lover of nature?"

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What sportsman would go afield with gun or rod if the beauties of nature were not in his path? Who among us would care to bag a quail in our town yard, or flail for fish in a fountain pool? Not the true wing-gun enthusiast who loves to see his setter share the gentle day; not the angler who must have "madrigals upon his way"—not these good spirits whom Frank Forester declared "could not possibly be of an unkind, ungentle, or unmanly nature," not these men who are but disciples of such nature lovers as Izaak Walton, William Shakespeare, John James Audubon, Henry William Herbert, Daniel Webster, Henry Thoreau, Alexander Wilson, George Washington, and half a hundred other famous noble characters who "dropped their lines in pleasant places."

Claudius said, "The hunter goes afield for the chase itself, for the love of seeing the hounds run, and is glad if the game escapes." So, if the angler did not lose

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lordly trout or bass, and these well fed and hard to take, and listen to the different views expressed:

The angler: "I had a delightful day. The scenery was grand, and the weather perfect."

The scoffer: "No fish."

The insincere man, who will soon give up angling altogether: "No fish there; clouds of insects; impenetrable bushes and weeds; am tired in every bone, and glad to be home again."

The earnest tyro: "There are fish there, for I saw them in the water, and witnessed expert anglers take them. I am a trifle inexpert as yet; fresh-water angling is not as easy as salt-water fishing. I had two strikes and lost both fish, but the day was fine, the scenery grand; I had a good walk, breathed fresh air, ate pure food with a rare appetite, had a rest from tedious office duties, saw a thousand interesting natural history subjects, and withal had a joyous time. I will sleep

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apparently, fished the same places and with the same detail. And so it was with my early black-bass fishing.

There are very few tyros who return with empty creels who do not explain their poor success by denouncing the water, but the honest beginner is not afraid to admit that his inexperience, and not the lack of game, was the real cause of his failure to creel.

And the angler does not exaggerate his catch, because the slaughter in the chase is, to him, the meanest part. It is the scoffer who braggingly falsifies his record, and in doing so makes the world dispute the angler's honest story.

Truly, "the contented heart makes the cheerful journey."

"The real enjoyment of camping and tramping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of lodging, dress, and food, in as total an escape as may be from the requirements of civilization. And it remains to be explained why this is enjoyed most by those who are most highly civilized."—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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He is patient while plying the lure and he is content at the end of his recreative days and all through the close season, but so soon as the mellow spring breezes blow and the song birds return from the South, the spirit of old Izaak creeps into his heart and head and leads him into a state of gentle impatience that is only satisfied by the preparation that develops the realization in angling, and then Peter goes a-fishing—with what success, these early days, reader, I 'll try to tell you.

One of the charms in fishing, as some author has said, is the endless chain of argument and speculation it affords, and, this being true, my few words must not be accepted as absolute knowledge so far as all rodmen are concerned. We anglers agree and disagree, but our individual arguments always apply to some certain rules, conditions, and natures, and thus our disagreements are of calm and quiet duration.

My favorite trouting time is during the

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waters heavily bordered by trees and underbrush, and the banks are so near each other and the overhead greenery so dense that even a shorter rod than mine would be quite practical.

The reel is the lightest one I can find in the shops—of common-click rubber, holding twenty-five yards of the smallest enamel-silk line.

This outfit, I confess, is rather too frail for the average troutman who frequents the waters of Canada and Maine, where the trout run larger than those of the mountain streams, but it serves my purpose to perfection, and an application of many years does not seem to affect my views in the least. With this tiny rod and its delicate reel and line I have taken both large and small fish in both fresh and salt water, and I have never had occasion to wish that it were larger, stronger, or more fancy in its material and trimmings.

So much for my idea of early trout

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fishing, and when I do go forth in later days, my bait and tackle is the same, save, at times, a little larger fly and a more gaudy assortment of the feathered lures—the gay patterns that so many good anglers favor in the warmer days of June and July.

"Give me the pleasure of a book,
An ample shade, a running brook,
A piping bird and splashing trout,
And wild flowers shining all about;
Then even kings would envy me,
So full of joy my life would be."

LUSTED.

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III

The Tyro Angler

"Probably the secret of the infatuation to most or many of the brothers of the angle, is to be found in the close and quiet communion and sympathy with Nature essential to the pursuit of the spoil of the water."—JOHN LYLE KING.

"Some of the most excellent sportsmen are inferior anglers and marksmen."—FRANK FORESTER.

MANY persons who are fond of recreation in the wood and field, or upon the water, and who feel that they would like to indulge in fishing of some sort, are dissuaded from making a beginning by the impression that it is difficult to angle in such a way that real enjoyment may be derived from the start, and that all their vacation time would be spent in tedious study and practice.

True, a great deal of care in training is

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necessary for the rod handler who would become an adept, but these duties are not tedious. The beginner may enjoy his first trip as much as any that may succeed it.

Earnestness is all that is required at the start; the play comes natural to all who encourage true effort when afield or afloat.

The experienced angler knows that the cause of the young person's failure to do well in his early practice with the rod is the desire to hurry the play, under the impression that pleasure cannot be had unless the creel be filled on the first outing and on every outing thereafter.

To master picture painting one would not be expected to produce a perfect work in oil at the first attempt; indeed, he would be fortunate if he learned how to mix his colors and hold his brush correctly in the first half-dozen attempts. Is there no joy in the saddle until we become wonderful horsemen? Is there no pleasure in feeding until we are gorged?

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able fisher and hunter than he who wantonly kills to brag of his day.

The angler goes afield for the exhilaration there is in every part of the outing; the marketman drags his net, sets his trap, poisons his bait, and sends his hounds for the living there is in the work; the potster kills because he thinks his reputation as a "sportsman" rests with the number he takes. Quality, chivalry, the admiration of nature, and true sport are never thought of by this unfortunate man.

No, be not afraid of the initiative step if thou art earnest, and thy very first day along the stream will fill thy heart if not thy creel.

"The surest way to take the fish, is give her leave to play and yield her line."—QUARLES, *Shepheard's Eclogues*, 1644.

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IV

The Angler and the Bondman

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IV

The Angler and the Bondman

"If you do not find time for exercise, you will have to find time for illness."—LORD DERBY.

"He that takes no holiday hastens a long rest."

WHAT is rest to one may be work to another, and vice versa; "one man's medicine is another man's poison." The professional fisherman, dragging his nets and dropping his lines all the week would find rest if he meandered about city streets, and the letter carrier, walking from house to house in town thoroughfares as a business, would delight in a half-day's play at the fisherman's trade. So the deskman, pent up six days in a stuffy office, and the backwoodsman, to whom trees are a common sight, might exchange

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their habits and habitat with mutual benefit, if the duties of each could be amicably arranged.

Thus, to rest both mind and body, one must relieve them of the employment they are mostly and commonly occupied with. Abstaining from business, merely, is not rest. To relieve the body and neglect the mind is to tire the mind all the more, and to relieve the mind and not the body is equally disadvantageous.

No man, half wrecked mentally and bodily from his daily toil at the desk, over the counter, on the work bench, or in the noisy street, can find rest by merely remaining "quite still," as the doctor tells him. He should seclude himself from familiar scenes in a mild wilderness where everything pertaining in the least way to his regular occupation is excluded; where he may not sit "quite still," and worry himself more weak and wan; where everything in his surroundings and in his pursuits is in marked contrast to

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and, when the business day overtakes him again, he is but freshened for a little spurt or two, and is quite as fatigued as ever before the week is quarter passed.

There are exceptions to all rules; there are men whose business pursuits do not injure their health. There are many of this nature, and there are thousands of workers who are killing themselves in their persistent efforts to work without play, to grind on without relaxation—"making hay while the sun shines," as many of them tell you, just as though there was never a day when the sun's shining cannot be seen.

It is an amusing fact that the man who advocates no vacation is invariably in business for himself. His employees—from the negligent cash boy up to the industrious head clerk—foster a different view, unless they are asked to express themselves on the subject just at a time when they are about to be taken into the firm. Then they begin to make hay

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times. But now, when half the world labors six days without a single day in the whole week being spent in the open it is different, and with the great changes in the world of work there should come changes in the ways to rest.

God never put the iron shoe upon the horse, because He created soft meadows for its feet, but when man transferred this beast of the plains to the cobbled highways he changed its hoof—he nailed on a substance to cope with the cobble. So, when man was created to labor in the open, the Lord provided a certain day and form of rest for him, and that day and form at that period were practical; but when man transferred his field of labor from the open to the indoor world he should have changed his forms and times of rest as well.

Let the natural man—the laborer in the open — go indoors on his day of rest, and let the unnatural man—the indoor worker—come out, and if he cannot

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V

The Angler and the Torturer

"The angler, only, is brought close, face to face with the flower and bird and insect life of the rich river banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered." — CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"The genuine angler is invariably a poet."— F. E. POND.

AN angler, according to Webster, is a person who fishes; but this is an unfair definition. He who fishes in salt water with a bit of bundle cord or chalk line and an iron nail for a sinker is not an angler in the sense the word was intended by the inventors of the expression. Webster did not make the word and he erred in its definition, notwithstanding he was a good angler himself. Sportsmen use the term angler to distinguish the lover of the

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teach him not to kill at all until he knows how to kill and the difference in the killings and the killers.

Then teach him the angler's gentle art that he may avoid the torturer's brutal "sport."

"The angler's whole life is a well-rounded poem, and he never misses the opportunity to cast his line in pleasant places."—F. E. POND.

"Let the man of severe aspect—who, if he smiles, looks as though he wore a petrified smile that he had bought at a bargain, and whose sole ambition and pleasure is to make money—live as long as he can in doing so, and die as rich as possible. This man, if he could know and comprehend what is passing through the angler's mind at this season, would say such vagabonds are the cumberers of the earth; but he could not find a 'cumberer' in all the land who would change places with him, take his joyless life, sapless heart, frozen visage, narrow views, and great wealth, and give in return the angler's light heart, happy disposition, love of God, his fellow-man, and Nature; his resources within himself, engendered by his fondness for the wild woods, to enjoy the past and anticipate the future, whatever betide; his desire to see good in everything, his clear conscience, and his fishing tackle."—Hon. A. NELSON CHENEY.

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VI

The Versatile Angler

"Nature hath endless aspects;
To the angler she doth her beauties and her glories all unfold.
A magic light rests on the land and sea,
And all her streams are silver—all her sunshine gold."
—C. COTTON.

"Good company, a stout heart—no matter where the gameland."

GOOD sportsmen know that angling is a broad-meaning term, and as applied to the piscatorial sport of one man it might mean an altogether different sort of sport to another.

There are six distinct rodsters familiar to me — the salmon seeker, with his expensive outfit and limited domain and season; the brook-trout angler, with his four-ounce rod and tiny tackle; the black bass and pickerel

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VII

The Angler and the Scoffer

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VIII

The Angler's Equipment

"West . . . . . .
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat."

"Let independence be our boast."

like to catch trout and I like to eat trout, but I prefer fishing for larger fishes." So says a gentleman in a magazine story.

Why larger fishes? I ask. There is not the play in the largest fish that swims that there is in the smallest brook trout, and, if the tackle be of the proper sort and if the angler be gentle and practical, the same amount of sport may be had in taking a pound fontinalis as in boating a hundred-pound tarpon. Little watches give as good time and tell it as correctly

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for wing game; the bait rod for bait fishing; the fly rod for fly fishing; and the indifferent person who confuses these is not the one to discourse upon the merits of the game, the day, or the paraphernalia.

"Oh, I detest camping!" said a young man to Thoreau.

"Where have you camped?" asked the great naturalist.

"Oh, I never camped," was the reply.

So it is with many stupid persons who actually indulge in pursuits—they judge without fair investigation or application. The botchman who fishes for grayling with a cod line condemns the grayling; he who applies a rifle upon shotgun game belittles wing shooting; he who tries the gun upon rifle game has but poor praise for deer and bear hunting, just as the youth who might try for whale with a woman's penknife or seek the shallow trout stream with a harpoon would express himself regarding these pursuits.

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IX

The Angler's Rods

" While we our peaceful rods shall busy ply,
When fish spring upward to the dancing fly."
SIR HENRY WOTTON.

" Spare the rod, spoil the child."

FISHING rods are of great variety, both in weight and material, some being made heavy, some light, and some medium in weight; they are made of split-bamboo, plain bamboo, cane, Calcutta reed, lancewood, bethabara, greenheart, ash, maple, and other woods, as well as of steel and other compositions. Some are in joints — two, three, four, and five pieces,— others in one piece, and some are telescopic.

Rods cost one dollar, two dollars, and so on up to one hundred dollars, accord-

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For salt-water fishing—weakfish, small striped bass, kingfish, etc.—do not use that heavy sea-fishing rod that is regularly offered by the unpractical shopkeeper and always adopted by the indifferent fisherman. Select the gentleman's choice, the eight-ounce bait rod, and when you have used this a little while discard it in favor of the little six-ounce fly article which is none too light with the master angler. The eight-ounce bait rod may also be used in maskinonge, large black bass, and pike fishing in the fresh rivers and lakes. For grayling use the six-ounce fly rod, and for salmon a salmon fly rod exclusively.

For heavy sea fishing—cod, bluefish, large fluke, etc.—the heaviest and coarsest article will suffice. For tarpon fishing and surf fishing for large striped bass, drumfish, etc., use the stiff tarpon rod now made specially for these particular species.

For pond fishing—sunfish, rock bass, perch, etc.—and for young bluefish (snap-

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pers) and scaupaug (porgie) fishing in salt water use the four-ounce fly rod.

Whatever you do, as an angler, do not fish without a rod, no matter what species you try for. Of course fish can be caught without a rod just as game may be killed without a gun, but the sportsman does not take his outings without these important implements. Rules govern, or should govern, all sports as well as they govern trades, clubs, professions, and governments themselves, and to angle with proper angling tools is a rule no gentleman will argue against, no matter what the scoffing bungler may say or do.

The professional market fisherman who catches fish by hand-line and net for a living, and who is not an angler, is not the one to advise as to the methods of angling. He may be a good example for those who wish to become fishermen for the money there is in the trade, but he really disapproves of angling and angling implements. I am persuaded to make

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X

The Angler and the Black Bass that Favored Cloudy Water

"For fly fishing the water should be reasonably clear."—W. C. PRIME.

"If you do not know a river it is always most desirable to have some one with you who does."
—FRANCIS FRANCIS.

AND we all use "clear" in our stories about fly fishing, both for trout and black bass, and I would no doubt continue the use of the word had not my last angling trip in Michigan taught me the error of doing so, at least in the black-bass' case, and the lesson I learned in the black-bass school has made me entertain some doubts about trout and salmon taking the artificial fly only in clear water.

I know the small-mouth and large-mouth black bass will rise to both artificial

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Saginaw Bay. This water, besides being decidedly dirty and dark, was very deep, and the fish must have been near the surface, for, owing to the river's filthy condition and depth, it were unreasonable to suppose they could have seen anything on the surface from the river bottom or from one to two feet from the bottom where black bass "do most congregate." The water was made heavy by disturbed bottom soil, and was dark by being stained with the inner bark of the millions of pine logs that had floated in the river for years. So, here is a positive case of fly fishing in water that was not "reasonably clear."

In the days I refer to—a dozen years ago—black bass were seen jumping all about the great wooden bridge. The surface during the warmest evenings of the midsummer was covered with a species of flying insect known in those parts as the June bug and May fly—though the little thing was often more in evidence in

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July and August than during the months its name was coupled with—and whenever one of these flights were in order, black bass were caught in great numbers by the meanest rod upon the bridge.

My companion and I had our sport from a small canoe. Frank would guide the tiny craft one evening and I would be the paddleman the next evening. I was far from being an expert with the fly rod in those days, but I often hooked some big fish and afforded my more skilled companion many quarter-hours of enjoyment watching my clumsy efforts to boat the prize. Once I hooked two silver bass on the same leader, and my friend's joy over my predicament was so profound that, in noting his exuberant hilarity, I broke the joint piece of my rod and actually went heels over head into the river in the exciting endeavor to grasp the fast disappearing line and the rod part that went with it. Frank all but followed me, the canoe half filled with

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water, and there was an awful time keeping me from trying to climb into the little craft and in finally towing me ashore, but Frank never once ceased laughing during all the disturbance.

White Miller, Scarlet Ibis, Seth Green, Reuben Wood, and several gray, white, brown, yellow, and dark ash-colored patterns were Frank's favorite flies, and sometimes, when the Saginaw was very dark and heavy, I have seen my friend attach to his long leader two small split shot, a foot or so apart, let the two red and white flies sink three or four feet, and then make catches of big fish almost as fast as we could both handle the noble game.

"There is a vast deal in fishing besides catching fish."—H. H. THOMPSON.

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played, and boated precisely as a black bass or trout would be conquered in lake fishing.

He was a big fish—fully four pounds in weight—and as broad as the biggest frying-pan. He took a brown palmer tied on the smallest hook I have ever seen this pattern put upon, and no black bass, small or large mouth, ever gave a better account of himself in a battle for life than did this sturdy flatfish.

Many experts will tell you that fluke are a stupid fish when hooked, that they do not fight, but merely drag your line down by mere weight, aided by their odd shape. This has never been my view of the matter; the fluke I have taken—on splendid tackle, of course—have always given me good play, and while it is true their weight and shape enable them to bear heavily upon the line, it is also true, so far as my experience of many years of excellent fluke fishing teaches me, that they can and often do jump clear out of

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the water several times in their endeavor to defeat the angler.

This is especially true of those wiry, light-shaded specimens captured in swift-running tideways, but it has often occurred with me, even with the fish taken in still, deep bay waters and with those monsters captured in the surf. As for a similar trait in the fluke caught in the deep sea I cannot say, for I have never sought them there.

But let us return to my fluke of the fly hook. With two friends I had been catching porgies in Jamaica Bay, and being short of small hooks, I tied on the palmer fly and baited the barb with a tiny bit of clam—the smaller the bait in porgie fishing the better, say I. As happens every now and again in this sort of fishing, the hooks—two of them, a few inches apart on a single leader—became perfectly stripped of the bait, and I started to lift my tackle for a fresh supply. There was a heavy tide running, and my

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line, notwithstanding the little dipsy at the end of the leader, stretched out as soon as I raised the lead from the bay bottom, and as I reeled in, I could see the palmer dancing along on the surface.

When the hooks came within ten feet of the boat, I discovered Mr. Fluke. He glided along swiftly about a foot under water, and when directly under the fly darted up and snapped it in his great mouth with quite the dash and accuracy of a three-pound black bass. And all this in water fully fifteen feet deep!

Well, I struck him with that same instinctive and impulsive wrist movement we brook-trout fishermen know so well, and the palmer's hook point went into his stout upper lip as clean and fair as ever any well-directed barb pinioned the very fish it was sharpened for.

The fight that followed amazed my fellow boatmen, and so unnerved half a dozen German hand-liners in a neighbor-

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ing craft that they gave up their play for the day.

To think a fluke would so degrade himself as to take a sweet-water bait on the line of a fool fishing in salt water with a four-ounce fly rod was too much for the hand-liners, and they forsook our company. My prize battled bravely for ten minutes, not only dragging the line down under the boat we were in, but now running away at a lightning pace, now doubling with equal speed, now diving to the very bottom of the bay, and again and again bounding completely out of the water, his jaws tightly set all the time, — not relaxed as when hooked inside the mouth, — his fins and eyes aglow, and his very frame quivering with gamy strength and determined anger.

I have since tried many times to tempt the species with the artificial fly, but without success. Still, I think there is yet hope, for I know the fluke of swift, shallow waters in another bay. Here shall I some summer day give them a liberal trial.

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ing water. In the streams that flow into this pond three eight-inch trout are taken on a brown hen fly, and two more of larger size are creeled in the pond proper near the little island in the centre of the liberal water. Gray and brown flies are the patterns most favored. A native boy informs me that many trout are taken in the pond with worms and small minnows, but I do not resort to these lures.

A short walk west of the pond brings me to a little stream running south under the railroad bed by means of a large iron pipe. Two small trout are seen here. One rises saucily to my stone fly and purposely misses its mark. I reflect that little trout in all waters often do this.

I determine upon returning here some day, and, by wading with a pair of light gum boots or old shoes and trousers, taking a nice half-dozen fish in this stream on each side of the railroad where the pleasant water runs through thick woods and heavy underbrush.

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A farmer's boy says: "I do n't neow es heow thar be eny treauts 'bout, but I ofen sees sum city chaps pull ouet a few little fish with little bits o' feather an' wool on rods no bigger 'n a ridin' whip."

Another walk of a few minutes in the same direction along the car track reveals another cunning little stream of pure spring water running just like the first. There are fine bits of wood on both sides of the track and they seem filled with song birds and sweet-smelling wild flowers. The stream is remarkably clear, and its little pebbles glisten in the sun at the bottom of the two feet of water like so many pearls and nuggets of shining gold and silver. A large pipe carries the water under the railroad bank as in the case of the first stream. Here, too, I make up my mind to return some day and wade in the stream far into the quiet woods. On the north side of the railroad bank, I see hundreds of tiny minnows. They sport away in fright up the stream as my

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form is revealed to them over the bank. On the south side, in the shade, two trout, weighing fully a pound and a half each, lie calmly in the centre of the brook, while over near the bushes, farther up the stream, a little trout, not more than three inches long, is gently resting without a perceptible movement. Stealthily creeping down the south bank into the weeds, I slowly proceed toward the stream at the point where the two big trout rest, and, as quietly as possible, toss over the cast of three flies, which alight on the water as softly as though they had fallen off a bush only a few feet above the water's surface. I cannot now see the trout, for I dare not raise my head above the weeds.

Trout fear man, and it 's to the angler's advantage to be seen by them as little as possible. There being no rise, the gentle cast is repeated with the same care and repeated again and again, but all without a rise. I peep over the weeds and have

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the pleasure of seeing the two big trout still there, moving their tails and top fins just enough to keep their position against the mild current. I move my head a little more and take one knee off the ground to rest myself, and these prove fatal movements—the two beauties dart away like a bright flash of lightning in a pale sky, and the little troutlet, and a half-dozen not previously observed friends and relatives, follow suit. I put my flies on the water over the entrance to the pipe and with a long tree branch poke into the other end. Out come the "flock" of trout one after the other like so many arrows from a bow, and back they go into the pipe again with the same rapidity.

I have been trouting many years and I know by this time that the chance for taking these trout is passed, and so I poke into the pipe two or three times more for the mere joy of seeing the beauties again, then go over on the other side of the bank where the water has not been disturbed,

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take a drink, return to the shade, and relight my very ordinary cigar.

Any one may see these trout. The place may be easily found by the accompanying directions, and there is no danger of the trout being taken in the meantime; they 're trained animals and need no preserve or game law to protect them. It is not certain that they can be caught even with the cruel angleworm—a generally sure method.

A hundred feet from the railroad at this point to the south I observe a trout hatchery and beyond this there is good fishing.

Between Merrick and Bellemore I find a half-dozen little streams all running into the wooded lands on both sides of the car tracks, but as I do not closely examine them I can only admire their promising appearance. They appear to be fine trout waters, and, I argue, if fished no more than the waters previously visited, they certainly contain lots of

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It is not hard for the true angler to find remunerative trout waters; it is the unreasonable fisherman—who seeks not the beauties of the gentle art itself nor the accompanying splendor and music of nature in the pursuit, who goes afield for the mere slaughter of quantity—who has difficulty in locating a satisfactory fishing ground, for with him the water must yield fish and plenty of them. He cares not for anything else. With the angler, the locality itself is more important than the game it affords.

The secret of the charm in angling is found in the angler's preference of studying rather than destroying his favorite species.

"Peter said, 'I go a-fishing.' John and Thomas, and James and Nathaniel, and the others, said, 'We will go with you,' and they went."—W. C. PRIME.

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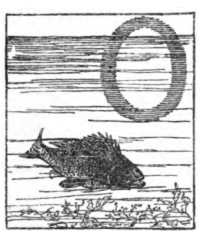
XIII

The Angler and the Blackfish

" The bluefish leaping as they pass,
The brown-strip'd, pearl-enamell'd bass,
Blackfish, weakfish, porgie, cod,
Precious morsels for the rod,
The crab, the shrimp, the mussel-shell,
The sea-egg with its thorny cell,
The moss to slippery rock that clings,
The kelp, the sea-weed with its rings,
The lavish treasures of the sea
Ever charming are to me."

ISAAC MCLELLAN.



" Here where the salt tides ebb and flow
O'er the brown rocks deep below,
The greedy blackfish come to share
The shelly bounties ever there."

Haunts of Wild Game.

OCTOBER. How delightful this time of year for fishing! Provided, of course, that the fish sought for are not of the salmon family, grayling excepted. The trout are now caring for their young, and a fish of any species is never more valuable alive than when it is

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in the act of increasing its kind. But, for the man who likes salt-water fishing and fresh-water fishing for black bass, pickerel, maskinonge, and perch, this month forms a most delightful period for the play. The game is in better condition than in July and August; there are more fish "on the bite," the days are cool, storms are less frequent, the mosquito and black fly are less industrious, and—well, there are hundreds of pleasant features that are not to be found during hot weather. Camping is particularly enjoyable in the autumn, and the man who likes this sort of life may take along the gun and dog as well as the rod, for the season for woodcock, plover, bay snipe and deer, is now upon us.

Some fishermen say it is rather late for real good blackfish fishing, but I found plenty of sport lately with this fine panster. And I caught him with brook trout tackle! The trip was planned at short notice. I was visiting some friends on

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Sound. Sally has two boats and a jovial disposition, but don't rely on her for anything to eat. Take a basket with you, and have a bottle or two of—whatever you drink—in it, for the water at Aunt Sally's is a trifle "ripe," as one of my friends termed it. Having arranged for a boat, ask the old woman to show you the blackfish rock, and then, if you are half as fortunate as I was, you will have a glorious day.

We rowed out perhaps two hundred feet from the beach. My friends used heavy salt-water rods and coarse linen lines, but I resorted to my light-weight fly rod and silk line, using this most inappropriate outfit in preference to the heavy rods, since the proper articles—a six-ounce or eight-ounce bait rod and fine linen line—were not to be had. Bait (soft-shell clams) may be secured right on the sod flats. Thousands of these, as well as hard-shell clams, might be dug up in a few hours, and they are delicious for man

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as well as fish. It was amusing to my friends of the heavy poles to see me flail the salty ripples with what they laughingly termed a "toy fishing rod," and it was also amusing to me to note their surprise at seeing me kill two-pound and three-pound fish on this marvellous little instrument. It was my first play at blackfish with trout tackle, but I had little difficulty in hooking, playing, and boating them. They are coarse-looking bass-shaped fish of a black-brown color, and on the hook and in the broiler they are not to be despised by anybody. The species is a bottom feeder, but the first one I caught—a three-pound specimen — seemed to take the bait at the very instant it touched the water, and the strike was a glorious one. I thought I had a striped bass to deal with. The little rod was nearly bent double at times during the play, and the reel—a common-click, holding only twenty-five yards of line — made the biggest fuss it ever made in its history. And the landing

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mense in size. I think this locality a good one for the man who has rather tired of the better known and more frequented places. At least, it pleases me, for I am one of those "quiet old fishermen" who like to go to places not frequented by the crowds and where there is something to catch besides fish, for quiet and natural surroundings are quite as important on my outings as the game I am in search of.

Since this Sally's Point trip I have fished for blackfish many times in many waters, visiting the numerous spots in the Great South Bay of Long Island more often than other localities. Here the species is abundant, and the poorest fisherman has but little trouble in boating them with the most ordinary tackle and the commonest of bait—bits of hard-shell and soft-shell clam.

"I said anglers were born, not made; but when born they can be improved, and wish to learn as well as teach."—FITZ-JAMES FITCH.

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striped bass hereabout. During the latter part of August and through September, he says, they are numerous on these sods. The first hour of the flood tide up to high water affords the best fishing."

In the Hudson River striped bass have given me quite my share of play, both in the spring and fall of the year. Casting from some of the rocks lining the shore from One Hundred and Eighth Street, New York, up the famous old water as far as Yonkers, has often yielded a fine three-pound beauty. Slack water, last of the ebb and first of the flood tide, were the best conditions.

The heavy striped bass may be caught in surf fishing on the shores of Long Island from Long Beach to Montauk Point; on the Jersey coast along the beach above and below Long Branch, and the beach at Sandy Hook, the beach at Key East, and at Ocean Beach.

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XV

The Angler and the Weakfish

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XV

The Angler and the Weakfish

" The boats are in the breezy bay,
Fast by some point that juts its bar.
. . . . . .
Or by some river mouth that pours
Its affluent current by the shores,
The fisher casts his baited line
To tempt the weakfish of the brine."

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

" There is no life more pleasant than the life of the well-governed angler."—IZAAK WALTON.

THE doctor has come to my camp on the tiny island in the Great South Bay almost against his will — I forced the outing upon him by constant praising of the wild spot— and I feel that I must first make him comfortable and then show him the fishing. He is not at all himself. The long sail from the mainland, he says, has destroyed his usual good nature, but

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I tell him that it is hunger that makes him surly. "Living unnaturally, as you do in the city, Doctor, has destroyed your sense of appetite, and it has been so long a time since you were really hungry that you v'e forgotten what hunger is; you can't recognize it when, by a few hours of natural life, it returns to you, and you very naturally call your ailment by another name and attribute its origin to a false cause. I 'll open some Little Necks for you, and while you eat them I 'll broil you a sea bass." And I handed the old man a cup of sherry.

"Oh, I 'll have none of your hungry yarn, nor any of your other yarns. I guess I know a little more about myself than you do," and the doctor looked real angry. "I could n't eat in town, where I have every luxury; I could n't sleep there, where I have a decent bed and decent roof over my head; and from what I see of this place I guess I 'll starve outright or die of exposure here. I was a

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entice him from the play by putting the broiled fish on his knee.

The fish is cooked whole—head, tail, fins, and all—and I centre it in a great white platter, with thin slices of red pickled beet and a border of willow-green eel-grass.

"Well, you 've proven three of your statements, at least," says the old man, pitching into the juicy flakes of the bass with the first natural hunger that has crossed his stomach in years, as he himself confesses; "I am hungry, as you said I 'd be; fish are caught easily at the very door of the camp, and you really do cook and serve decently."

"And is not everything here really more pleasant than I described it?" I ask. "To-morrow at this time, my friend, you will admit as much."

The doctor is persuaded to eat the other bass and some thin strips of bacon, two huge potatoes roasted in the hot ashes, and a quantity of steamed soft clams raked out of a hotbed of seaweed.

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as calm and sweet-tempered as the tiny marsh wren that swings on the frail grassy stem at his feet, pouring out her evening hymn.

My companion stands on the sod banks and casts his crab bait into the tide, the green water now rushing in from the ocean, on whose plain the bounding whitecaps are made beautiful by the background of dark sky and the sunlit western heavens toward which they roll. Soon the tide will creep over the sod and flood the very island, but we shall not suffer any inconvenience. The little house rests high upon sturdy hardwood posts, and I have gathered up the outdoor cooking utensils, staked the boat safely, cut the salt hay for our beds, and gathered the chip-wood for the breakfast fire.

"You must cast out farther in the channel, Doctor," I call to my old friend, "or fish at the mouth of the little creek to your right. The sea bass, fluke, and

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South Bay is ninety miles long, six miles wide, and two feet deep. This is their deduction, and it is about correct, though, of course, in some places it is narrower than six miles and deeper, much, than two feet. There are channels twenty feet deep and open spots fully sixty feet in depth."

"Is flood tide the best for weakfish?" asks the doctor.

"Sometimes and in some places," I answer, remembering the reply of the bayman when I asked the same question years ago. "Most of my best fishing has been done just as the tide turns to run out and until it is about half out, though I have caught some nice fish on the incoming tide, as you took your four-pound fish this evening."

And so we chat until the doctor is made miserable by repeated efforts to keep awake; then we seek the berths, the old man being snugly housed in the lower one, and I blanketed to my chin in the one

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manufacturers, though every careful angler is expected to be able to tie a fly or two on some occasions, just as every field sportsman should know how to load his gun shells in cases of emergency.

Though there are thousands of different shades and colors and dozens of sizes followed in making the artificial fly, there are but two distinct archetypes of the fly proper, if we exclude the English two-hook idea, which is merely the ordinary lure with two hooks instead of one. The difference in the two distinct designs from which the various patterns are made, though of marked degree, is hard for the tyro to distinguish, and as the majority of young anglers have never had this difference clearly pictured I will proceed to describe the matter in a brief word or two. The artificial trout fly known to us all is shaped thus: the wings flowing away from the shank of the hook in the opposite direction to the point; while the other pattern, which is known as the flut-

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barred feathers from the quail's tail, the tail of the long-tailed thrush, and the feathers of many other birds, besides gold, silver, and bronze tinfoil; gold, silver, and brass wire; every shade of Berlin wools, floss silk, the various colors and tints of pig's wool or mohair, the furs of the muskrat, field mouse, black, red, and gray squirrel, mink, marten, young cub, coon cub, green monkey, porcupine belly, the ear of the English hare, the ear of the polecat, and the fur of many other animals.

"To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let nature guide thee—sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the glowing insect proper wings.
Silks of all colors must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art;
So the gay lady with extensive care

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Borrows the pride of land, of sea, of air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes and easy hearts betrays."

GAY.

APRIL PATTERNS

Black Gnat. — Wings, black; body, black ostrich; legs, none, except on hooks larger than No. 10, in which case we call the pattern "black hackle."

Dark Claret Gnat.—Body, dark claret; feet, black; wings, sub-hyaline.

Bright Claret Gnat.—Body, bright claret, mixed with red fox face; feet, ginger; wings, one sex hyaline, the other ochrous.

Olive Gnat.—Body, dark olive, mixed with bright claret; feet, ginger; wings, hyaline.

Bright Fox.—Body and feet, brightest part of the fox, mixed with yellow; wings, brightest hyaline; tail, pale yellow.

Dark Fox.—Body and feet, dark fox, mixed with lemon-colored mohair; wings, sub-hyaline; tail, three fibres of dark gray hackle.

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March Brown.—Wings, Scotch grouse; body, dark brown, ribbed with yellow silk; tail, Scotch grouse; legs, same.

Coachman.—Wings, white; body, peacock herl; legs, brown hackle.

Scarlet Ibis. — Wings, scarlet ibis; body, red, ribbed with gold tinsel; tail, scarlet ibis; legs, same.

Abbey.—Wings, gray widgeon; body, red wound with gold tinsel; tail, golden pheasant hackle; legs, brown hackle.

Dark Montreal.—Wings, wild turkey tail; body, dark claret, ribbed with gold; tail, scarlet ibis; legs, dark claret hackle.

Grizzly King.—Wings, gray mallard; body, green, ribbed with gold tinsel; tail, red; legs, furnace-gray hackle.

Brown and Red Palmer.—Body, red silk, with brown hackle wound the whole length of the body.

MAY

King of the Water.—Wings, gray mallard; body, scarlet; legs, brown hackle,

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ginger; wings, mottled gray of the mallard, and mottled of the woodcock mixed; setæ, mottled woodcock.

Black June.—Body, peacock herl; feet and wings, black.

Green Drake.—Body, white; posterior half ribbed with black, green, yellow, mottled with brown; setæ, dark brown.

Brown Drake.—Body, feet, and wings, a golden, yellow brown; setæ, dark brown.

Beaverkill.—Wings, lead color; body, white silk; tail, gray mallard; legs, brown hackle.

Raven.—Body, feet, and wings, black.

Alder.—Wings, brown mottled: body, peacock herl; legs, black hackle.

Wren Fly.—Body, clay yellow; feet, made from the scapulary feathers of the English wren or quail; wings and setæ, mottled widgeon.

Cahil. — Wings, wood duck breast; body, mouse-colored mohair; tail, gray mallard; legs, brown hackle.

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with red tag; tail, golden pheasant hackle; legs, blue hackle and guinea hen. This is not the salmon Silver Doctor.

Canada.—Wings, light brown mottled; body, red worsted, wound with gold tinsel; tail, red worsted; legs, brown hackle.

Jungle Cock.— Wings, jungle cock hackle; body, red silk; legs, claret hackle.

Brandreth. — Wings, gray mallard; body, yellow mohair, wound with gold tinsel; tail, scarlet ibis; legs, yellow and red hackle.

Blue Jay.—Body, claret mohair; wings, matched with the feathers of the English bluejay; tail, scarlet ibis.

Grizzly King,	Scarlet Ibis,
Codun,	Coachman,
Yellow May,	Professor,
Great Dun,	Reuben Wood,
Stone Fly,	Dark Coachman,
Imbrie,	Queen of the Water,
Dark Montreal,	White Miller,
Light Montreal,	Brown Hen,
Brown Stone,	Abbey,

And the Palmers.

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with ginger hackle wound the whole length of the body.

Alder,	Codun,
Scarlet Ibis,	Brown and Red Palmer,
Imbrie,	Brown Hen,
Professor,	Queen of the Water,
Reuben Wood,	King of the Water,
March Brown,	Abbey,
White Miller,	Black Gnat,
Coachman,	Grizzly King,
Royal Coachman,	Quaker.

On the streams the smaller flies should be used; on large ponds, lakes, and rough waters, the large numbers. And this ancient advice, set forth even so long ago as the days of Charles Cotton, who contributed the information to Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*, is a good general rule to follow: When the day is bright and where the water is clear, use small flies and plain colors, and in deep and dull waters and on dark days and in the evening flail the brighter and larger patterns.

When you buy your flies, buy lots of them, for, be you tyro or practical rod-

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ster, you will lose them easier than you imagine.

Be careful to select finely made and new goods—the best material from the best makers.

Avoid the cheap, dried-up, duster-feather, clumsy penny-a-dozen abominations. They are tied by shop girls who do not even know what they 're used for, and sold by indifferent shopmen who may never have seen a trout stream and who could n't perhaps distinguish a trout from a codfish.

Let your flies come from persons who flail them as well as make and sell them.

The man who does not angle and study the natural history of trout and trout flies cannot tie a fly correctly, and he will not — for penny-wise-and-pound-foolish business reasons—use proper material in its making.

This person seldom sees an artificial fly outside of a showcase and would hand you dried-up goods that would snap from

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XVII

The Angler's Recipes

". . . Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when . . . they had little food besides what they caught.

W. JONES.

"The wise for cure on exercise depend."

TIME and Development.—Time is required in the development of everything. Man may treat himself rather carelessly—not exercise properly, not live regularly—and still feel trim and strong, the result of good treatment in the past. Desirable conditions developed after months of care are not to be destroyed in a day, but truly we build slower than we destroy. What we do to-day may make us ill or well to-morrow, but the real good or ill effect will not

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sian insect powder on a small cotton rag. Damp grass, leaves, or seaweed put upon a fire will make a great deal of smoke in case you desire a smudge. The mosquito head-net, which is put over the head and fastened about the neck to keep insects away when one is fishing, hunting, or sleeping, is practical in cool weather, but is generally rather uncomfortable in warm weather. A pair of skin gloves saturated with oil of pennyroyal is a good covering for the hands. To alleviate the itching caused by insect bites apply naphthalene or spirits of camphor. Naphthalene is the more effective remedy. Camphor will also repel flies and mosquitoes. Troublesome insects of some kind are found in warm seasons at most game resorts. Persons accustomed to these pests are seldom annoyed by their attacks. It is the newcomer whom they relish.

Sea Sickness.—To relieve sea sickness use a composition of essence of ginger, ten drops; sal volatile, twenty drops;

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chloric ether, five drops; bicarbonate of soda, one teaspoonful; spirits of camphor, ten drops; water, one ounce. If you are thirsty and feverish take a teaspoonful, or more, of bicarbonate of soda or potash in half a tumbler of water, with one grain of quinine. When dissolved pour in the juice of one lemon or citric acid and water; then drink while it is effervescing.

Tender Feet.—Your first day's tramp in the woods will perhaps make your feet sore or tender. Bathe them in vinegar and salt water, with a little arnica. Rub the inside of the stocking with any pure soap, which will prevent the stocking from scraping the flesh when you walk. At night remove the soap, and bathe affected parts well with the above mixture before retiring.

Poison Ivy, etc.—A strong mixture of the leaves, twigs, bark, or berries of the common spice-bush (*Benzoin odoriferum*); this to be freely applied to the affected parts and taken internally as a tea. This

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and desire to keep your shoulders dry, remove a piece of spruce bark two or three feet square, cut a hole in its middle, put your head through this, let the bark come down on your shoulders, and you will have a woodland umbrella.

Sprains.— There are any number of remedies for a sprained ankle or wrist, but the most rapid one is certainly boiling water and common salt. Here is the idea: Saturate woollen rags with the solution, wrap them about the ankle, and tie dry cloths over them to allow the steam to have an effect. The more often they are changed the greater and faster the remedy. This homely recipe will do in twelve hours what iodine and other liquids require twelve days to accomplish. Keep the foot elevated, do not stand on it, and move as little as possible. I will say, however, that the extract of witch-hazel is a fine remedy.

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XVIII

The Angler's Clothing and Footwear

" And let your garments russet be or gray,
Of colour darke, and hardest to descry,
That with the raine or weather will away,
And least offend the fearful fishes eye;
For neither scarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,
Nor colours dipt of fresh Assyrian dye,
Nor tender silks of purple, paule or gold,
Will serve so well to keep off wet or cold."

Pleasures of Angling.

"I thank God for the good gift of flyfishing." —FRANCIS FRANCIS.

ANGLER'S clothing.—Sack coats, either single or double-breasted, with plenty of large pockets, heavy trousers, a stout vest, and a cloth cap or hat are the necessary garments for angling purposes. Use dull shades—dark gray, dark brown, drab, etc. It is always advisable to wear light

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boot is a correct article. In very cold weather the rubber boot is a cold foot covering, and in midsummer it is very hot on the foot. Canvas shoes, and, in fact, any cloth footwear, are very comfortable in hot weather, but only in mild pursuits, never in field work, mountain climbing, etc. For yachting, tennis, strolling about the lawn or on the seashore, they are excellent, but beware of them for general outing purposes; nothing could be more treacherous. They do not lend proper support to the ankle and instep in ordinary exercises, and the least bit of exertion in them will result in a sprained foot.

The best rubber boots for sportsmen are those of the gum material that fit closely about the thigh. The heavy boots that require straps to hold them up to a belt about the waist are clumsy devices. Waterproof wading trousers, if made of light-weight material, are excellent.

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Canvas trousers worn over woollen underwear are excellent when wading a stream if you do not care to use rubber. Canvas is light and strong and easily dried, and can be worn every day with comfort.

"Athenæus,—called by Suidas a literary man,—who wrote in the middle of the third century, cites in his writings no less than twelve hundred separate works and eight hundred authors, and of the latter the names of a very large number are given in his *Banquet of the Learned* as those of authors who had written on fish and fishing."—Rev. J. J. MANLEY.

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XIX

The Young Angler—Some Hints for Him

"Nor shall I leave thee unhonored in my discourse."
ST. AMBROSE.

"All the charm of the angler's life would be lost but for these hours of thought and memory."—W. C. PRIME.

RUST Preventive.—Common vaseline should be used on brass and German silver, and mercurial ointment on steel and iron.

Carrying Supplies.—You should not go to the woods too heavily loaded. Let the outfit contain necessaries only.

Avoid Extremes.—Do not exhaust yourself in overdoing your pursuit of game; you go outing for rest, not work. Do not eat or drink too much. Do not sit in wet clothing. Wear well-made, easy-fitting footgear.

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these species, we say fish. A dozen perch are fish; eleven perch and one trout are fishes.

A Foul Cast.—I once wagered a dozen leaders with a friend upon the result of an hour's angling with the fly for black bass, the one taking fairly the largest fish in that time to win the prize. My friend caught the largest specimen of both creels, but he did not claim the leaders. Being a gentle rodman and a truthful man he acknowledged hooking his fish—the largest—by the gills, an unintentional but none the less unfair capture, just as much so as if the bass were hooked in the tail.

Hand-line Casting.—A correspondent asks how a surf hand-line is cast. I always use a rod in surf as well as in all sorts of fishing, but I freely offer what little knowledge I possess on the subject in question: The hand-line men I have seen casting from the beach into the surf coiled the line at their feet, clear of all

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places; do not pull it after you. Let the hook be fastened on one of the reel bars, then thrust the rod's tip through or over the branches and high grasses ahead of you, when you move along, casting here and there.

To Bring the Fish Home.—Clean them carefully. Remove that dark blood streak along the backbone. Wipe them dry. Pack them in ferns separately and free from ice. Do not send them by express; take them with you. You cannot check a box, so put them in a small trunk on the top of your coarse outfit—rubber boots, landing net, etc.

Fly Fishing.—You cannot use too light a rod or let the fly fall too lightly in stream fishing. Do not merely drag the fly through the water; work it gently so that it will look like a living insect—not a mere bunch of hair and feather. In clear, smooth water let the fly sink a little, then move it along quickly.

Landing the Fish.—Head the fish away

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from obstructions—bowlders, tree roots, etc.,—keep the line taut, and do not nervously hurry the "play." Take your time; be calm; more fish are lost in a desire to land them too quickly after they are hooked than in any other way.

Defective Rods.—Rod makers often put a knot purposely on one side of the wood where it will do the least injury; so do not switch the rod sideways.

When Lost.—Follow down a stream and you will most likely come to a road or dwelling.

Feeding Time.—Fish are said to bite better between the new moon and the first quarter, or, between the last quarter and the change.

Clumsy Lures.—Most trout flies are too large and coarse, and they serve more to frighten the fish than lure them. They are clumsy things, made by persons who do not know a trout from a tarpon. They are pretty and make nice wall decorations, but no practical rodman would

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think of offering them to the trout, the smartest fish in the world. Select only those of the finest material and made by practical persons.

Your Shadow.—Never let it fall upon the water when angling; face the sun.

Down-Stream.—In wading a brook for trout, walk *down*-stream, unless you are fishing some broad, silent river. The rapid, foamy water should be fished down-stream.

Damp Matches.—Rub them on the back of your neck or twirl them gently in your ear.

Fly Books. — Keep the large, well-stocked fly book in camp and use a little book on the stream—one that will not bulge the coat pocket.

Reel Position.—The fly-rod reel should rest on the under side of the rod below the handle; the bait reel on the top side of the rod ahead of the handle.

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Line Dyes.—To dye a line blue, soak in indigo water; the stronger the dye the deeper the color. To dye green, soak in a strong decoction of green tea. To dye brown soak in strong coffee.

Rod Splicing.—Don't make a splice too short when mending a broken rod. Each tapered end should slightly belly so as to fit snug when wound with the wax thread.

Snell.—To prevent the gut snell from slipping always crush the end between your teeth before whipping it to the hook.

Ring Whipping.—Use silk twist in whipping rings or guides in the rod. Draw the final end through a few coils of the whipping by means of a loose loop.

Rod Varnish.—Wipe off all grease stains. Dress lightly down with the best copal.

Brass Black.—To reblacken brasses, mix a little lamp-blacking with spirit varnish. Dress once or twice and let the dressing thoroughly dry before using the copal.

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fishing and another that is used to decorate the walls of a dining-room, library, or camp. The first is too good to waste on the wall and the other is too frail and generally shoddy to angle with. The cheap split-bamboo rod is impossible as an implement of the smart fisherman. Cast with it a few times and you will notice that it gradually loses its spring, and that it will sooner or later bend to one position like a piece of ordinary cane or barrel hoop. The fine split-bamboo rod and the fine rods made of good steel and wood—greenheart, bathabara, lancewood, etc.—when bent in the cast or play of the fish will straighten again after being released. The best is the cheapest, in the long run, in fishing tackle as in everything else. By best I do not mean the fanciest. Gold buttons on a waistcoat will not add to the wearing quality of the material, and a diamond-studded reel would not run any freer or last any longer than the ordinary standard article.

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than twine, wood, rubber, canvas, cane, etc., for the rod handle. It is pleasant to the touch, will not slip, will not cause blisters on the hand, and is light in weight and neat in appearance.

Natural Baits.—The wild oat's bearded seed makes a killing trout fly, and black bass cannot resist a silvery willow leaf if flailed like a live minnow.

The Rod Case.—See that it is thoroughly dry before the rod is housed in it, and, to avoid bent tips, tie the case-strings loosely.

"His tackle for bricht, airless days, is o' gossamere; and at a wee distance aff, you think he 's fishin' without ony line ava."—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

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canna see ye; an' then to get a lang cast in the breeze that soughs in bushes, an' see yer flee licht in the verra place ye want, quiet as a midge lichts on yer nose, or a bumbee on a flower o' clover."—NORMAN MCLEOD, D. D.

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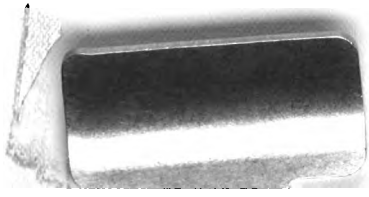

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